

13 WP. 21. 340/12

A N
E L E G Y

On the Universally Lamented DEATH of His EXCELLENCY
JAMES-FRANCIS-EDWARD KEITH,
FIELD MARSHAL in the Armies of the King of Prussia,
&c. &c. &c.

1 SAMUEL i. 27. *How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War
perished!*

WHAT dreadful hideous Murmurs flun mine Ear!
What Screams, what universal Groans, I hear!
Can KEITH, GREAT KEITH, in th' Earth's cold Mansions ly,
And not one Sign, one Prodigy on high?
All Nature still serene! Why, such a Fall,
Shou'd to the Center shake this tott'ring Ball!
Alas! 'tis true, the Noble WARRIOR fir'd,
With Love of GLORY, born to be admired,
Springs forth to Action, View's th' unequal Fray,
With Scorn, not Terror, dauntless bends His Way,
Towards *Austria's* faithless Sons, to Curb their Pride;
And as He liv'd, a SOLDIER, so He died.
Waft, waft, the dismal News from Shore to Shore,
KEITH, GLORIOUS KEITH, Oh HEAV'N! is now no more;
All conq'ring *Fred'rick*, by thy Counsels taught,
His Mind with all thy Schemes of GLORY fraught,
On *Austria* with redoubled Fury turn'd,
(Matchless in Arms to shine, as KEITH he burn'd)
O'er Heaps of Slain, compell'd the Foe to fly,
And learn'd to conquer, under 'JAMES's Eye;
Ye Sons of Grief, ye mourning Souls that know,
The Heights, the Depths, the Tendernefs of Woe;
Ye virtuous Souls, whom Love of Freedom charm's,
Whom VALOUR animates, and GLORY warms,
A weeping Monarch, and a fainting Host,
Demand your Grief, to mourn their GEN'RAL lost,
Oh infinite Distress! tormenting Grief!
The *Scottish* HERO, and the *Prussian* CHIEF,
Is cold as Earth! His Eyes for ever clos'd,
On whom His COUNTRY all her Hopes repos'd
Dumb, motionless, with elevated Hand,
Virtue and Liberty, confounded Stand!
VALOUR sunk down, forgoe's the destin'd Prey,
And VICTORY dishearten'd, casts her Wreaths away!